The Undergraduate.

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THE OTTER.

Where slowly wheels through silent days
The shadow of a mountain;
And the bold sun with scattered rays
But half perceives thy fountain;
Where Dorset laves her pebbled shore
With her low-murmuring water;
Where in thy soul bright visions pour,
Thou hast thy birth, sweet Otter.

No troubled dreams disturb thy rest
To ruffle thy sweet beauty;
Above, the lonely mountain crest
Keeps slumberless his duty.
The morning mists thy cradle shroud
Whilst thrushes warble o'er thee,
And tenderly the lowering cloud
Gives food to her that bore thee.

The whippoorwill beside the streams
Love-plaining greets the morning;
The circling eagle proudly screams
His answering echoes scorning;
The thunders ott with false alarms,
Their bolts too rudely rattle,
They take thee in their Titan arms
To listen to thy prattle.

Go forth, thou spirit of the morn,
Thy humble path adorning,
Breathe forth thy music sweet, new-born,
Thy heavenly work performing.
Wave back the sedges at thy source,
Adown yon dale go rushing;
The murmur of thy pebbly course
Chords with the lark's low gushing.

Sweep down into the meadows wide,
And through the pastures rolling,
Wind in and out from side to side.
Thy maiden heart controlling;
The white-faced lilies fearless brave
Thy gently-rippling waters;
The violets on thy borders wave,
Thy breeze-perfuming daughters.

Roar down the rocky ramparts high,
Thy spirit wildly laughing;
The breezes catch thy bouyant cry,
Thy rain-bow mists deep-quaffing.
Dumb Nature listens to thy flow
Her throbbing heart delighted,
And at thy altars bowing low
Her sacred vow has plighted.

And soon thou'lt reached the deep blue sea
Oh river, peaceful river;
And from thy channelled life shall He
Thy longing soul deliver;
Thy searching wavelets shall explore
Where India's sands lie glist'ning,
The cankered cliffs their pride shall lower,
To thy proud mandate list'ning.

But wild and free as thy life floats
Amongst the caves of ocean,
And thy deep surge's sounding notes,
Record thy ceaseless motion;
Forget not thou thy early days,
The lonely guardian mountain,
The scattered sunbeam's lingering rays
That kiss thy lowly fountain.

Forget not thou the eagle's scream,
As o'er thee proudly wheeling;
The whippoorwill, along whose stream
The liquid notes are stealing.
And when thy surges rush along
Thy ocean caverns sounding,
May thy deep music chord in song
With the pebbly brooklet bounding.

H. W. H.

HECUBA AND POLYXENA.

In all classic tradition no female character stands forth so prominently as that of Hecuba, the Queen of the ill-fated city of Troy, the wife of Priam, the mother of fifty Princes and fifty Princesses. We meet her name in the first book in that noblest of literatures, and trace her fortunes depicted by unnumbered authors not only in that country, but also in every country where the Greek has exerted any material influence.

She is no where endowed with superhuman qualities. She is only a woman. In the happy days of the reign of Priam, she is the center of that admirable group which surrounded the throne of her husband. We see her at work among her daughters as they weave the tunics and the linen; she is their teacher and guide; filled with every motherly affection, she has their full sympathies. She is a gentle guardian of her sons; they love her; she admires the manly beauty and grace of her Paris, the iron

strength and chivalrous bearing of her Hector. As a wife she tenderly soothes the cares of her husband, the King, and drives the wrinkles from his brow. As a Queen, her majestic bearing, cultivated manners and speech, bring honor to her husband and glory to the justice of his rule. Upon her footsteps attend comfort, pleasure and honor. The world is made better by her motherly presence.

But war and ruin follow fast on those happy days. Fate and the arm of Achilles send distruction among the Trojans. That noble circle is broken, the aged Priam bows his head to the death blow, the sons follow the father's fate, Hecuba and her daughters, princesses no more, become the slaves of their conquerors; they are torn from their beautiful Phrygian home, from under the over-hanging Ida, and carried to distant shores to end their lives in tears and woe.

Sad as is the picture, we turn with melancholy pleasure to see the end. A happy and prosperous home laid waste enlists the sympathies of men. How does this mother, torn from husband, children, home, fatherland, carry her misfortune? Euripides has given a little insight into her after career which is very interesting to such an enquirer. The scene of his play called the "Hecuba," is situated on the coast of Thrace, whither the Grecian forces went after the pillage of Troy. Agamemnon and his fellow-leaders were about to set sail for Greece, when the ghost of Achilles appeared to demand the sacrifice of a virgin on his tomb, even Polyxena, the only daughter remaining to Hecuba. Leaving the remaining parts of the play, which are concerned with the death and revenge of her son Polydore, who had been murdered by a supposed friend, we will interest ourselves with the fate of Polyxena.

In the second scene, Hecuba is introduced, conversing with the chorus. She speaks of ill-omens, dreams of evil, and while uttering the words, they burst forth with a fulfillment. They bring the news that Ulysses is approaching to take away her daughter. This is too much to bear. "O Trojan dames!" she says, "bearers of evil tidings and woe, you have killed me utterly. The light of life is no longer desirable. O foot, lead, lead an aged woman to the tent." She then calls forth her daughter, Polyxena.

This character is one of the most beautiful that can be found in any literature. Pure, innocent, cheerful even in adversity, womanly from first to last. Listen to her utterance when she hears of her approaching sacrifice,—"O thou that hast borne affliction! O thou wretched on every side! O mother, unhappy in your life, what most hated and unutterable calamity, has some destiny again sent against thee? This child is no longer thine; for thou wretched shalt behold me, as a mountain whelp or heifer torn from thy arms and sent down beneath the darkness of the earth, a victim to Pluto, where I shall lie bound in misery with the dead. It is for thee, indeed, my afflicted mother, that I lament in these mournful strains, but for my life, my wrongs, my fate, I mourn not." What sympathy, what unselfishness! With even death in her face, she soothes the broken heart of her mother. Life to her, born a princess, is not life if put to base uses. Death is preferable.

Ulysses comes in here, and a long dialogue is carried on. The mother supplicates, the daughter soothes, Ulysses is overcome; but his duty must be performed. Polyxena is firm in her former convictions. She says, "For why should I live, whose father was the monarch of all the Trojans? Then I was nurtured under fair hope, a bride for princes. Although wretched now, I was then mistress among the Trojan women, and conspicuous in the train of virgins, equal to goddesses, death excepted. But now I am a slave, and the very name not being familiar pursuades me to love death." She goes on to show what a life of ignominy and shame awaits her. "Lead on, then, Ulysses," she says, "to death." Even the saddened heart of her mother beats in admiration, although her motherly yearnings cannot allow her death. "But my

dear mother, give me thy beloved hand and permit me to join cheek to cheek, since never hereafter shall I behold the rays of the sun. Receive my last address, O mother! O thou that bearedst me, I am going below." This scene is closed by one of the most beautiful choral songs found anywhere in the Greek dramatists. In the next scene comes the herald Talthybius, to summon Hecuba to come and bury her daughter. Upon her enquiry he relates the circumstances of the sacrifice. The Greeks are assembled about the tomb. The son of Achilles leads the trembling but willing Polyxena. The herald proclaims silence. Polyxena mounts the tomb. The son of Achilles draws his golden-studded sword, and invokes the spirit of his father. He then calls upon certain youths to come and hold the victim while he performs the sacrifice. Notice her reproof—"O Argives, ye that destroyed my city! let none touch my body; for I will offer my neck to the sword with a good heart. But, by the gods, let me go free while ye kill me, that I may die free!" A murmer of admiration is the response of the bystanders. Then rending her robe from shoulder to waist, beautiful as a statue, bending her knee, she utters the most piteous words ever heard, "Lo strike this bosom if thou desirest, O youth; or wouldst thou rather under the neck; here is this throat prepared!" The dreadful deed is performed and one of the noblest characters of life or fiction departs to the nether world.

The play goes on to develop another theme—the revenge of Hecuba over Polynestor for the murder of her son; but we will go no further with it.

The scene just related, is one of the saddest and grandest that has ever been depicted. This is a sacrifice of life to noble moral principle; death preferable to a life of shame. The character of Alcestis, you may say, is sublime, as she offers her life for that of her selfish husband; the character of Antigone may be one of purest unselfishness; Cordelia, the devoted daughter, may sadden our hearts by her untimely death; but who can view, without emotion, this Trojan maiden, beautiful, intelligent, devoted, unselfish, shedding a tear for her afflicted mother, standing with rent clothing before this multitude of stone-hearted warriors, unfettered in mind and soul, bravely offering her white neck to the sword? Who can restrain the honest tear of admiration? The world may live on, but there will rarely ever be a nobler mother with a nobler daughter.

OLD WULF.

If we wish to test the true merit of a landscape painting, we do not content ourselves with merely looking at the foreground; we examine closely the less prominent parts of the picture, the background or the careless posture of some loiterer brought within reach of our sight. And in a true work of art we often find here proofs of artistic skill which we could never discover in the central objects, grand and impressive as they are. So it is in the works of the novelist. We may find some of his lesser characters sketched with a bold, vigorous, accurate outline, which displays his genius better than his most finished portraits. Such is the sketch of Old Wulf, in Kingsley's famous novel, "Hypatia."

A rude savage, roughly sketched, he yet exercises a strange fascination over the reader. He has none of Hypatia's refined philosphy, none of Raphael's intellectual power, none of Cyril's worldly caution and shrewdness. He is ignorant alike of the blessings and the evils of civilization. But we see in him "the stuff of which men are made." His simple, childlike faith in the traditions of his ancestors, his sincere devotion to the Amal, the supposed descendant of Odin, arouse our admiration, in spite of their absurdity. The quick and hearty homage which he pays to the beauty, purity and earnestness of Hypatia, merits our warmest sympathy; and when we think

that he who so quickly perceives her nobleness is only an ignorant barbarian, who knows nothing of her philosophy, and is unable to grasp her meaning,—when we think of this and contrast him with her flippant and worthless pupils, or with the Christian mob, who see in her only a monster of impiety and profligacy, we exclaim, "Can one thus superior to civilized men, be only a barbarian after all? Is it not an unnatural picture?"

And yet Old Wulf is a true barbarian; for although he is the highest type of the savage, we see in his character those great defects which mark the true barbarian nature. He is reckless of human life, and regards as inferiors those who are not of his own race; he is willing that Pelagia should suffer any fate, if, by sacrificing her, he can arouse the old war-like spirit in his leader; much as he reverences Hypatia, he thinks it would be ample honor for her to become the bride of the brutal Amal. But these are not the natural outgrowths of his character; they were engrafted upon it by the circumstances in the midst of which he lived. When we see him saving the young monk from the clutches of the Goths, when we see him soften under the entreaties of the despised Pelagia, we get glimpses of his natural character, prevailing over the obstacles which surround it.

Thus Wulf, instead of being an apology for barbarism, as we might at first suppose, becomes the strongest possible argument against it; for when we see mere sensual brutes like most of the Goths whom the author has presented to us, we almost forget that they are men, and are unable to picture to ourselves the true horrors of their condition. But when we see a character noble by nature, like that of Old Wulf, struggling up to a cramped and stunted growth in the poisonous atmosphere of barbarism, the scales fall from our eyes. For the first time we begin to realize and understand the evils which have been described to us so often and with so little effect.

To understand the character of Old Wulf, we must ever distinguish that which naturally belongs to it, from which has been forced upon it by its surroundings. Unless we do this we can not appreciate it. If we should forget the circumstances in which he is placed, we should be surprised and shocked to see so noble a character marred by so glaring defects. If we should forget the natural superiority of his character and take him as the type of his race, we should censure the author for giving us so flattering a picture of barbarism. But remembering both his inner nature and its outer influences, we must all admire the skill, the power with which their struggle has been depicted. Studied thus, the character of Old Wulf is seen to be a simple, consistent whole. Exceptional it doubtless is, but true, natural and perfectly adapted to the author's purpose.

Such are some of the thoughts which first suggest themselves to one who reflects upon this singular and original character. To appreciate it, each must study it for himself. To every observer it presents a new phase. For every reader it has a new lesson. But one fact it must impress upon all; that a noble nature faithfully working out its allotted task in the midst of savage surroundings, puts to shame the fanatics and voluptuaries of civilization, be they Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian.

A few words of simple pathos will penetrate the soul to the quick, when a hundred lines of declamation shall assail it as feebly and ineffectually as a gentle gale the mountain of Plinlimmon.—*Knox.*

The only popularity worth aspiring after is a peaceful popularity—the popularity of the heart—the popularity that is won in the bosom of families and at the side of death-beds.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS:

Page.

LITERARY:

The Otter (poem) 129
Hecuba and Polyxena 129
H. W. Hulbert, '79.
Old Wulf 131
A. C. Peck, '80.

EDITORIALS, &c., &c.:

Valedictory 133
Dramatic Association 133
Commencement and Re-union of '29 133
Different Aspects of College Life 134
In Memoriam, Delta Kappa Epsilon 135
Communication [Ex-President B. Labaree] 135
Notes from the Alumni 136
Town and Campus 137
Personals 139
Exchanges 142

EDITORIAL.

WITH this issue the fourth volume of the UNDERGRADUATE is complete. We have many regrets for failures and more gratitude for that assistance which has brought what success has attended upon our efforts. Our thanks are especially due to those students who have taken a live interest in the paper and contributed to its columns, to the alumni who have furnished much material in the way of reminiscences, personal items, &c.. to our advertisers who have been prompt in their payment and to our printer who has been courteous and obliging in all respects. Four years of vigorous life has shown that the UNDERGRADUATE is a permanent institution, and we resign to better hands the hopeful future that lies before it.

THE success of the Middlebury College Dramatic Association, has done more to bring the College into favorable notice than all the advertising put together. Every one speaks in high terms of commendation of their performances and mention of the Association and its success has been widely copied in our state papers. Every effort of of this character is a great help and it is to be hoped that the Association will continue "to delight the populace" and win golden opinions. Financially also their success has been fair and the result of their endeavors is the beautiful organ in our Chapel. The acting of Prof. E. H. Higley, Mr. J. C. Harvey and others was unusually fine; and the College and village congratulate themselves on the possession of such talent.

A FULL programme for Commencement will be found in the "Town and Campus." It promises to be not less interesting than usual. A small graduating class, which will not tax the patience of the audience; the Philadelphian address by Rev Charles VanNorden of St. Albans, the alumni oration by D. Truman Post, the poem by Rev. H. M.Tenney, and music by the Temple Quartette, of Boston, with Blaisdell's sextette club, of Concord, N. H., present a programme quite equal to any on record.

One of the most attractive features of the week will be the semi-centennial re-union of the class of '29. We take the following communication from the Norwood (N. Y.) *News*:

It may be known to some of your readers that it is in contemplation by the survivors of the class that graduated at Middlebury College, Vt., in the year 1829, to assemble on the occasion of the next commencement, July 2, 1879, and have a semi-centennial re-union and celebration. I was privileged, not long ago, to read a letter written by one of the old boys, inviting one of the next following class to attend and participate. So unique, jovial and transporting back to "simmers of old" was the letter, thinking your readers might enjoy its perusal as much as I did, I begged permission to copy it for their delectation, names and all, except the name of the writer. It is a veritable epistle as written and mailed:

St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., May 26, 1879.

My Dear Romeo:—Though you were not *quorum pars fui*, of ye Ancient and Honorable class of 1829, you were not only next to that renowned corps in class chronology, but so very near and dear to several of them, it seemeth fit and proper, good and right you should be seasonably advised. The veterans and survivors thereof purpose and plan a final rally once more beneath the shadows of the old Alma, (and may her shadows never grow less!) on the recurrence the next commencement, July 2, and the desire is felt and hereby conveyed to you, that, in view of your past *proximities* already adverted to, you should be invited and entreated to be present and participate in that joyous, and yet suggestive, gathering of the remnant of other days. No doubt the mustering will be in some of its aspects, gaps and memories, Ossian's music, sad and mournful to the soul, and yet we hope not bad to experience. Wilt thou heed and hear this call? Dr. Post, of St. Louis, Dr. Hatfield, of New York, Roberts, of Burlington, Howe, of Iowa City, Hulburd, of this county, have already advised their knowledge and adhesion of and to the purpose. Rev. Mr. Eastman, Rev. Mr. Rosevelt, Rev. Mr. Sawyer, D. D., Prof. Carter, Bolton, Judge Farwell, are hoped for, if living. It is not known all the last are living, now to the things of earth. If they are one or all, if their P. O. address can be ascertained they will be invited and expected. Take thou heed and respect this first vermillion edict of ye Honorable and ye Venerable veterans of '29, issued by the hand of thy friend. ***

It is interesting to notice how actual experience changes our ideas of College and College life. We remember very distinctly the impressions we had when quite young of College life. To enter College was a step that only the most talented could hope to take. To maintain a good standing during the course required close and constant application. Vague stories of burning the midnight oil and of health injured by hard study were heard from time to time, and fully believed, while the knowledge and ability possessed by a man who had graduated from College was thought to be simply immense. The students were regarded as a particularly privileged class who were always getting into scrapes, and, no matter how barbarous their performances were, every one laughed at them, called them College jokes and no one thought of bringing the offenders to justice. The president and professors seemed to belong to a higher order of men than the *genus homo* and we wondered if they looked and talked like other men. The library and museum, the laboratory and philosophical apparatus played an important part in coloring the picture our imagination had drawn. While our almost entire lack of any actual knowledge on the subject threw over the whole a shading of mystery until the College seemed to be something wonderful only to be reached by the fortunate few. Such was the ideal of our childish dreams. Our experience has wrougbt some changes in it.

We have learned that men of exceedingly moderate ability can enter College; that a fair standing is often maintained with very little hard study; that the stories of the midnight oil and of health injured by excessive study, belong for the most part to College mythology; that the wisdom of the average graduate isn't after all so very awe-inspiring. Even the president and professors are affected somewhat and the halo of light that formerly surrounded them is gradually disappearing, so that we can plainly trace the form and features of mortal man. Of course the College of our experience could not do for any one what the College of our imagination was expected to accomplish.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died at Brandon, Vt., June 9th, 1879, Dr. Warren H. Hamilton, a member of the Alpha Prime Chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, Class of '75.

Once more the Angel of Death has visited our Fraternity. A shadow of deep gloom is cast over all our hearts. A firm link in the chain of our common brotherhood has been broken.

A noble-hearted, whole-souled brother, an active worker, a thorough scholar, one giving the greatest promise of future usefulness has been taken away.

The Alpha Prime Chapter deeply laments the loss of this esteemed brother, whose sterling worth and uprightness as a man, and whose kindness and faithfulness as a brother has long reflected credit upon our Fraternity.

By his death we feel that we have been deprived of an ornament, truth and right of a noble advocate, and the Medical Profession of a strong support.

THEREFORE, as a tribute of the love and regard we bore him, and as a token of our sorrow and respect to the memory of one so worthy to be honored, we drape our badges in mourning and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved relatives and friends in this the hour of their affliction.

F. M. BAKER,
F. S. JUNE, } Committee.
F. A. PARKER.

Hall of Alpha Prime, Midd. College, June 11, 1879.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Messrs. Editors:

Middlebury College was the theme of my discourse for for many years, and to the present day I feel a deep interest in the prosperity of that Institution. I am happy to see that your older graduates in writing for your columns, seem to find no themes more congenial than those connected with the College,its history, its graduates, its literary and religious character. Will you allow me to contribute a brief article to your present number, and to select as my subject a few graduates whom I have recently seen in Chicago. But how, being an invalid, came I to take that long journey? It happened in this way: In February last I received a very earnest request to come to Chicago, on special business. I at once declined for I had not been out of the house a dozen times since the previous September. The request was earnestly repeated. I called upon my physician and said to him, "Doctor, may I go to Chicago?" "Yes," he replied, "if you take a palace car." The Doctor though tthat my disease was rheumatism,and that I must be carefully protected from winter weather. We started from Albany at 3:30 P.M., and reached Chicago the next afternoon at 7 o'clock, a distance of nine hundred miles, and a speed of thirty-three miles an hour, including meals and rests. Now in Chicago we will not run and look after the *lots* until we have first inquired after the *boys*.

It generally true if not universally so,that your College has no eccasion to be ashamed of her sons, in whatever department of life they move in. A young man by the name of Smith recognized me in the streets of Chicago, and took me at once to see his brother. They are active business men, prosperous and much respected. While they were in College, the family, I think, resided in Middlebury. One of the young men offered to walk with me to the counting-room of Mr. E. Warner, which was not distant. As Mr. Warner has chosen a path in life, which had not been expected by his friends, I was glad to visit the scene of his activities. Mr. Warner was a superior scholar and would have adorned any one of the learned professions. Some of his friends were a little disappointed when he chose business for his profession. I called at his counting-room, and found him immersed in business, yet ready to give me a cordial greeting, and an earnest invitation to visit his family a few miles in the country, but I felt constrained to decline. From appearances I should judge that this student-merchant is successful, and that his thorough training in College was of no disservice to him in life of business. I was happy to learn that Mr. Warner was President of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Prof. George N. Boardman, of the Theological Seminary, is one of your graduates. I called upon him, and the presence of his wife and her mother reminded me forcibly of former scenes in Vermont. Dr. B. occupies a very responsible position and one that is growing in importance every year. In these days of rampant scepticism and infidelity, we need men of thorough education, good sense, and active and earnest faith, in our chairs of Theology. The prominent graduates of your College seem to take to the profession of Theology. Is it because good seed was planted in early life by mothers and fathers, who taught the boys to believe and to pray, as well as to study and work? There are two brothers from the small town of Cornwall who are filling very important chairs of instruction in Theological Seminaries at Andover and Oberlin, and one of them is invited to give instruction in a Seminary in London during the current year, it is said. How strange that *boys* so soon grow up to give shape and direction to theological sentiments.

There is a graduate of your College in Chicago, who stands at the head of the Rush Medical College, Johnathan Adams Allen, a man whose influence is widely felt in his profession. I was the more interested in renewing his acquaintance because his father,now deceased, and his brother of Rutland, were my family physicians. I called upon the Doctor at his private study and soon made myself known. I told him I had called for a two-fold purpose, social and professional, and when the former was completed by a brief review of the past, we turned to the latter and by presenting an inflamed ankle, we had the whole subject before us. There said I, the doctors call that rheumatism. Dr. A. quickly replied, "There is no rheumatism there," stepping at the same time to a shelf in his library and taking therefrom a volume in which, he said, the disease was fully discussed, "a disease incident to gentlemen advancing in age." This brief interview convinced me that Dr. Allen was well read in his profession, shrewd in the detection of disease, and prompt in the prescription of remedies. Connected with the College is a Hospital of many patients; a pressing invitation to visit which, I was obliged to decline. Many of your graduates reside in Chicago, whom I did not see, but I am justified in making this report, viz: That in Theology, in Medicine, and in some departments of practical business, your Alumni are not behind the foremost. An Institution which brings such men to the public service, from year to year, is worthy of confidence and support. B. L.

NOTES FROM THE ALUMNI.

Reminiscences of College Life.

BY REV. H. ROOD, D. D.

No. VII.

[*Concluded.*]

President Davis.—He was the presiding officer of the College during my two first years. I have already said that he was a Yale graduate, and was, there, a Tutor of Greek. He was said to be a splendid Greek scholar. He studied Divinity at New Haven. His lungs became affected, and the doctors told him he would not live long. He thought if that was true, he would do all he could for Christ and his kingdom while he did live. He went out among the churches and preached with all his might and power wholly regardless of health or weather. Under this process he soon recovered health and strength, and preached a number of years before he came to Middlebury. He was regarded as a high, superb man. Such he certainly was in his oratorical powers, and his ability to control masses of men. He was tall, rather slender,had long arms, a high forehead, piercing eyes, was straight and majestic as a palm tree, with a powerful voice, and a most commanding air and manner. If he had any peer in the pulpit, it was Dr. Spring of New York.

As a man and an administrator of College affairs, I knew almost nothing of President Davis.

He never spoke to me, nor I to him. I never entered his house, nor did I know his wife and children. I have no recollection of his ever meeting our class, and I do not think he did. His health was not strong, and he was not out and about much in College concerns. I remember him chiefly in connection with two things. 1. His famous harangue in the chapel, alluded to in a former number of the Undergraduate, where he spoke of setting the College buildings on fire, and walking out of town by the light of it, if the students did not behave better. 2. From hearing him preach a few times, especially an ordination sermon at Shoreham, Vt.

President Davis resigned at the close of our Sophomore year. Trouble arose with regard to a subscription. The story in few words is this. The College needed a hundred thousand dollars. Dr. Davis thought he could raise it in Addison County, took his commission, went out among the farmers and business men, and got most or all of it subscribed. But he overpressed the whole matter, overpressed the men, made hundreds of honest farmers, who could only just make their ends meet, really believe for the moment that they could give three or five hundred dollars to the College and be both richer and happier. When the thing was over, and they saw what they had done, and that an attempt to pay the subscription would ruin half the farmers in Addison County, they called a public meeting and by solid, unanimous vote repudiated the subscription and repudiated President Davis. The indignation was intense and universal. The President resigned; the Trustees and subscribers compromised the matter by cutting down the subscriptions fifty per cent; some of them were paid and some not. The trouble ran over half a century, and is settled up recently if at all. There was no President during our Junior year. At the close of it, President Bates was appointed. He heard our recitations in the Senior studies, and proved to be a wise and good presiding officer of the College.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Quite a deal of horseback riding now.

The Telegraph Co. is again in operation.

All but four of the Seniors have begun their orations.

Decoration day was observed by an exodus of picnicers.

O. G. McIntyre has gone to Wellesley. Not the college!

The encyclopædia raid on the library by the Seniors is terrible.

Did you imagine that we should get our morning rations over that gate?

Stewart's block looms up gradually and is to be quite an imposing structure.

Prof. Higley delivered an address before the Congregational convention at Burlington.

The Seniors are at last out of misery. Only one more bad gripe to battle against (the orations).

Only two members of the Sophomore class voted for Cremation exercises this year. For shame.

The Choral Society gave a concert at Negus' hall on Monday evening last, rendering Dettingen's Te Deum.

The High School closed its term with public exercises on Friday. Three candidates for College graduated.

Col. Tracy, our postmaster, and Mr. Wm. Tomlinson narrowly escaped drowning at Lake Dunmore on Decoration day.

The town has been full of court people for a week or so, but now they have gone, so we may get breath before the summer boarders come.

The Hawthorne Club met for the last time this summer with Miss Lizzie Chapman, Friday evening, June 13th. Burns was the author read.

Dr. Hamilton, valedictorian of '75, died at Brandon last week of diptheria. The D. K. E. society of which he was a member attended the funeral.

The Sophs have trembled the soles of their shoes loose over the written examination in Calculus, and the oral will undoubtedly finish the business.

Query: Have the Freshmen decided to have a cold meat supper at Vergennes, or a basket picnic on Chipman Hill?

The Good Templars of this village had a picnic excursion to Queen City Park, Burlington, last Saturday. A very pleasant time is reported.

At the closing exercises of the High School a smile appeared on the faces of the spctators, when Prexie herded the Freshmen together and drove them up to recitation.

The Middlebury College Dramatic Association repeated Capuletta to a very fair audience in spite of the weather, and made up nicely for the expensive trip to Vergennes.

Mr. Tom Fletcher,our popular tailor,celebrated his Sugar wedding last Thursday, and it proved to be the neatest and daintiest little affair which has been seen here for some time.

Whipple has gone home to spend Senior vacation in writing his oration; Hulbert will write his in camp on the shores of Lake Dunmore, while the remainder will stay in town.

You should have seen how we laughed the other evening, when our landlady spent half an hour trying to thread a needle which had no eye. She wont wear glasses when we are there though.

The young ladies of the Congregational Sabbath-school held a festival in the vestry of that church last Wednesday evening, June 18th, for the purpose of purchasing singing books for the school.

We are not to have a stone bridge after all. The old one is to be mended and the shay, ricketty, shameful old thing still continues to disgrace the town, holding up its two sign boards "Dont trot on me, I'm sick."

We advise all students desiring to become brilliant conversationalists, to profit by the example of the Junior who entertained his fair companion by a discourse on such "deep philosophical themes" as *hosh, beuns and molosses caundy.*

Rhetoricals are ended for this term. The ladies turned out nicely, but they should come oftener and let the boys get accustomed to it, or we cannot promise that the blunders of last Wednesday will not be repeated.

Roxie Loraza and his brother, the travelling musicians, accompanied by Frank Mazzioitta have been with us again, and their music is simply delicious. The addition of flute and piccolo is an immense improvement.

Miss Sue Sheldon and Mr. Gideon Miner, both of this place, were married last Tuesday at St. Stephen's church. The chancel was very handsomely decorated and the affair throughout was very tasty and well managed. Her presents were numerous and costly.

Boston Dip Restored. Scene I. (Outside of Greek room.) Old Mulligrub collars Adonis for business and hustles him into the room. Scene II. (Adonis addressing the multitude.) "It was just the luckiest thing ever happened to him, that he didn t lay his hands on me. If he had, I would have exacted an apology or gone to Yale."

The Senior examination occurred Monday and Tuesday, June 16th, and 17th. The examiners were Rev Mr. Franklin of Middlebury, and Rev. Mr. Wilder of Brandon. The following Commencement appointments were made: E. R. Brainerd, valedictorian; H. W. Hulbert, salutatorian; E. H. Farnsworth, philosophical oration.

A church choir which had been playing Pinafore through the week,officiated on Sunday at the funeral of one of the church members. The minister arose and in a monotonous manner began saying, "We miss him from his usual haunts," and the choir struck up "And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts." Oh! the force of habit.

We feel confident that there are not many people in civilized America, who will ask for good locals when annual examinations are so dangerously near. Our local editor turns pale when he hears the word, and says there ought to be a placard over the chapel door "Here's where we grind the lives out of men once a year." Not very bad I guess either.

Incident of the Geological excursion. Two Seniors called at a house to obtain a night's lodging. The young lady, to whom they applied, having her suspicions roused by their appearance, refused them admittance on the ground that the house was full of sick people. Senior, turning away, broke forth as follows: "What a beautiful face! Did you notice the deep, passionate look of motherly love that shone on her countenance? I do hope we can get in at the next house, so I can see her again." The next day

they met pater-familias who informed them that there was no one in the house that night save his daughter of sixteen, and her brother who had a slight cold. Query: When will that gushing Senior learn to distinguish between the frightened glance of a young girl, and the anxious look of a mother?

The College Quartette give a concert here next Wednesday evening, the 25th, and they deserve a good house, for it is seldom that four voices can be listened to that blend so sweetly. The following is the programme:

PART I.

I. Piano Duet.....Scherzo from Op. 97 Beethoven.
Mrs. G. D. Miner, and Prof. Higley.

II. Vocal March..... Becker.
Quartette.

III. Song, The Lost Chord.....Sullivan.
Miss H. M. Tupper.

IV. { Kyrie. ..... } Ch. Gounod.
{ Sanctus ..... }
Quartette.

V. Flute Solo, Crown Diamonds.....Arr. by Tulou.
C. S. Murkland.

VI. Festival Hymn..... .....Buck.
Misses Earle and Tupper, Messrs. Churchill and Murkland.

VII. Peter Gray.....
Quartette.

PART II.

I. Bugle Song, with Piano obligato .....S. D. S.
Mrs. G. D. Miner and Quartette,

II. Song, The Sailor's Grave.....Sullivan.
Mrs. L. M. Fletcher.

III. The Legend of Mary.....
Quartette.

IV. In this hour of softened splendor.....Pinsuti.
Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Miner and Messrs. Sheldon and Brainerd.

V. Quintette, Image of Rose.....Reichardt.
Mrs. G. D. Miner and Quartette,

VI. Song, Love the Pilgrim.....Blumenthal.
Miss Ella Earle.

VII. Waltz .....Vogel.
Quartette.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

COMMENCEMENT, 1879.

Sunday, June 29th. Baccalaureate sermon by the President.

Sunday Evening. Anniversary of the Philadelphian (religious) Society. Address by Rev. Charles VanNorden, of St. Albans, Vt.

Monday, June 30th. Examination of Candidates for the coming Freshman Class.

Tuesday, July 1st. 8:30 A.M., Annual Meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in one of the recitation rooms. Anniversary of the Associated Alumni. 10:30 A.M., Preliminary Meeting of the Alumni at the College chapel. 11:30 A. M., Address at the Church, probably by Dr. Truman M. Post, Class of '29. Poem by Rev. H.M.Tenney, Class of '73. Dinner and social reunion.

Tuesday Evening. Parkerian Prize Speaking.

Wednesday, July 2nd. 8:30 A. M., Annual Meeting of the Associated Alumni at the College chapel. 10:30 A. M., Orations and other exercises of the graduating class. Master's Oration by J. W. Abernethy. Class of '76.

Wednesday Evening. Concert at the Church by the Temple Quartette of Boston, and Blaisdell's Sextette Club of Concord, N. H. President's Levee. Promenade Concert at Academy Hall. Music: Blaisdell's Sextette Club.

A register for the Alumni will be kept at the office of the Middlebury *Register*, where the Alumni are requested to call and subscribe on arriving.

R. Wainwright, E. E. Smith and J. C. Stapleton are the committee on Hospitality, to whom strangers desiring entertainment should apply.

Persons who pay full fare one way over the Central Vermont Railroad, and its branches, to attend the Commencement exercises, will be passed back free on a certificate to that effect signed by the Secretary of the Alumni, if presented on or before July 5th.

PERSONALS.

'20. We extract the following quotation from a letter from Gen. James Wilson, ex-congressman, Keene, N. H:

I heartily join Dr.H. Rood in all he says in regard to our instructor Tutor Allen, one of the noblest men I ever knew. The scene of his lamentable death is more distinct on my mind than on Dr.H. Rood's. Tutor Allen, after his fatal fall from the roof of the college building, was carried into my room and drew his last breath on my bed. I was at the bedside when he spoke his last words. They were not as Dr. H. Rood reports them, "The will of the Lord be done." But these were Tutor Allen's last words, "The Lord reigneth. Let the Earth rejoice." Those words I heard distinctly, with my own ears, and

I have recalled the scene and repeated the words thousands of times in my mind since.

'24. The address of Rev. Lyman Gilbert, D.D., is 98, 2nd Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'33. Rev. Ward Bullard was born at Massena, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., February 8, 1810, and died in New Haven, Vt., May 21, 1879. In 1813 his parents settled on a farm in New Haven, Vt. Here he was reared to close, hard work, going to school only in the winter until 17 years of age. At sixteen he joined the church. At seventeen he commenced classical studies, and graduated at Middlebury College in 1833. He then went South and taught some years in Georgia. Here he entered the ministry, married, and was one year connected with the Alabama conference. Owing to sickness and repugnance to slavery, he returned North in the spring of 1838, and united with the Troy conference, and took appointments during the next four years. He then engaged in teaching a few years. He then took appointments in the Troy conference until 1854. Some paternal acres then coming into his possession, led him to seek a supernumerary relation and to move on to the new acquisition. This made him a home to the end of his life. After this settlement he held several appointments under the presiding elder, and did considerable ministerial work in the country around.

'38. Rev. Byron Sunderland, D. D., delivered the Baccalaureate sermon before the Union Theological Seminary at the late commencement.

'39. John G. Saxe, the poet, is improving in health. Mrs. Saxe tells the reporters that the trouble with Mr. Saxe is merely nervous prostration. He is only sixty-three, and physicians say there is no reason why he should not wholly recover. Physically he feels very well. He eats well, and shows the possession of a hardy constitution, he does not write, but he exercises his critical faculty and knows as well how a thing ought to be said as he ever did. He distrusts himself, however, and avoids society, not willing to see his old friends, even.

'40. Hon. E. J. Phelps of Burlington, Vt., addressed the graduating class of the Law School of Boston University on their class-day, June 3. The address is highly spoken of. The Burlington *Free Press & Times* says Hon. E. J. Phelps started on his annual pedestrian tour Monday June 9th.

'41. Rev. Luke Dorland is the Superintendent of the Scotia Seminary, Concord, N.C. This seminary is called "The Mt. Holyoke of the South," and is under the care of the Presbyterian Committee of Missions for Freedman at Pittsburgh, Pa. The students number 152.

'41. The Rock River Association met at Port Byron, Ill., May 6-7th. Rev. S. W. Boardman, D. D., of Sterling, preached the sermon.

'56. In the April issue we said Rev. Moses Marston was in St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. He has been in Minneapolis, Minn., for 5 years, and is the Professor of English Literature and Rhetoric in the State University at that place.

'57. Rev. A. S. Barton preached the opening sermon before the Chittenden County Conference (Cong.) at Williston June 3.

'57. '62. '75 At a meeting of the Ondawa Game Club at Factory Point, June 7th, a game supper at the Colburn House was the most interesting feature. The following toasts were responded to among others.

"May the hand of justice overtake all evil-doers and especially all pot hunters and net fishers."—Judge W. C. Dunton.

"The man who takes the lead in the wilderness equally well with the sword and with the rod and gun."—Col. Aldace Walker.

We notice that the defence of the Lycoming Insurance Co., in the suit brought against it by John Dyer of Salisbury, was in the hands of Col. Aldace F. Walker and F. G. Swinington of Rutland at the late session of the Addison County Court. They were successful.

'59. E. J. Thompson a member of the class of '59, but not an alumnus, is Professor of Mathematics in the State University at Minneapolis, Minn.

'61. L. E. Sherman a former resident of Ludlow, Vt., is receiving abundant honors in his present home in Colorado, having recently been elected alderman of the city of Colorado Springs, and president of the Philharmonic society; besides being vice-president of the Young Men's Christian Association and deacon in the Baptist church.

'58. We notice that the Reed & Kellogg Grammar has been adopted universally by textbook committees in Vermont. We have not seen an exception. Prof. Kellogg will soon be

in Midd. drilling the boys for Parkerian and Commencement.

'64. The reason of the return of L. H. Hemenway to his old home at Manchester, Vt., is on account of restored health, which all his friends will be glad to know.

'66. May 12, being the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. E. J. Ranslow, pastor of the church at Wells River, the people of the parish came in large numbers to the parsonage and presented many beautiful as well as useful articles.

'67. The address of Chas. B. Tilden formerly of '67 is 28 School St., Boston. He is a Patent Attorney, having been formerly principal examiner in the U. S. Patent Office, Washington.

'67. J. M. Slade addressed the Woman's Temperance Convention held at Middlebury, May 27th.

'68. W. W. Waugh is a successful physician in Faribault, Minn.

'68. Prof. E. H. Higley spoke at Weybridge on Decoration day. He read a much-praised essay at the Convention of Congregational Churches, at Burlington, June 11th, on "The Prominence to be given to the ethical element in preaching." It was printed in full in the Burlington *Free Press.*

'68. C. N. Bell has just been elected an alderman in the city of St. Paul, Minn. He is one of the successful young lawyers there.

'69. A summer institute for teachers will be held at Jennings' Seminary, Aurora, Ill., beginning July 7th. Principal Martin E. Cady and his assistant, James H.Clark, are the conductors.

'70. The class-day exercises of the Windsor High school took place at the high-school rooms May 28th in the presence of a large and interested audience. Marsh O. Perkins is the successful principal of this school. The graduating exercises will take place on Friday June 20th.

'72. Rev. H. M. Ladd reports a son and heir of recent date.

'73. Rev. Geo. W. Brooks, of Woonsocket, R. I., at a recent fair given for the benefit of the Reform club of that place, received by a very large majority over two other clergymen of the place an elegant easy chair which was voted to the "most popular clergyman." Mr. Brooks made a neat response for the honor in a published card. His many friends here will be happy to learn of his success.—*Register.*

'73. An *ex parte* council, which after convention was made mutual, last week tried Rev. Wells H. Utley, late pastor of the church at Pontiac, Mic., on charges of fraud and dishonesty and acquitted him.—*Congregationalist.*

'73. The address of H. F. Northrup is 315 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

'74. Dr. Harlan Boardman has been visiting his parents this week. He is practicing in Woodstock, where he has a very good business for a young physcian.—*Register.*

'75. We regret to announce the death of Dr. Warren H. Hamilton, of Brandon, of malignant diptheria, caused by inoculation from a dying child. The Delta Kappa Epsilon society of the College attended his funeral. Memorial services were held in the Baptist church, Brandon, Sunday, June 15th.

'76. G. B. Willard is spending the summer at home, Weybridge, Vt. He returns to the position as Principal at Whitehall, Ill., next, where he will study medicine also.

'76. Chas. Wilds ran a type-writing machine which was used in keeping the record of the doings of the late Addison County Court.

'77. ~~C. B.~~ B. M. Weld has resigned his position as principal of Bradford Academy and has accepted the principalship af the High School at Morrisville, Vt.

'78. Beeman Academy under W. J. Fish closes June 20th. A class of four graduate for college. Mr. Fish has been elected the Superintendent of the Congregational Sabbath-school.

'78. Julius W. Atwood was in Midd. a few days ago. He has finished one year of study at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, New York City. He goes to Cambridge, Mass., next year. He is spending the summer at home, Salisbury, Vt.

'78. M. B. Manley is at home, Factory Point, working on the farm. He has been studying medicine and will continue it next year.

'78. E. E. Rogers is supplying the Congregational pulpit at Wallingford this summer. He has finished his first year at Union Theological Seminary.

'78. W. D. Smith finished his first year at Union Theological Seminary last May. He is spending the summer at home in Clarendon, Vt. He occupied the Congregational pulpit a few Sabbaths ago at Wallingford.

'80. Harry Boice has returned from Kansas to Middlebury. He enters '81 next autumn.

'80. O. G. McIntyre has taken a position for the summer, at the Wellesley House, Wellesley, Mass. He left last week. He re-enters his class next autumn.

EXCHANGES.

As we come to look over our exchanges for the last time, and read the eloquent farewells of our brothers at the "round table," we feel quite incompetent to express the real state of our feelings. We have spent many pleasant and profitable hours laughing at college jokes, sympathizing with general college movements, filling our memories with facts of college life which will remain with us when college life shall be dimly seen in the past. If a college Professor or President wishes to understand the spirit of young men in American colleges, we know no better way than by a thorough persual of college journals. From our observation we conclude that this has been an eminently successful year for college papers. Those of long established reputation have been re-invigorated, many that gave signs of failing health are again aglow with the earnestness of youth, and not of the least interest have been a few strong and wide-awake papers just started which have found a welcomed place in our sanctum.

This is the time of the year, when the success of the several policies of our different exchanges has been fully tried, and we can now come to a correct decision as to their true position. Criticism of individual issues amounts to a very little when compared with an honest criticism of the whole policy of the paper. A broad view should be always taken, and rivalries of neighboring institutions entirely forgotton. True criticism is manly and attacks with the single purpose of bringing about good results.

The *Nassua Literary* is at hand for the first time. We expect our successors will find it one of their most interesting exchanges.

We received the other day the *Vanderbuilt Austral* for May. This paper is edited at Vanderbuilt University, Nashville, Tenn. We like its spirit and sympathize with it in its struggles for existence amidst so many discouragements. It has a manly argument for toleration.

The May issue of the *Messenger*, from Richmond (Va.) College, is not as well sustained as most of the previous issues of this year. We have been much interested in the *Messenger* and have given it a careful reading. "Oliver Goldsmith," is a discriminating and well written article, but "Thought" is stale, and the first poetry is abominable. "Hours in Westminster Abbey" and "Hic jacet" are quite readable.

We acknowledge the following exchanges:—*Ariel, College Record, Student Life, Magill Gazette, News Letter, Montpelierian, Vassar Miscellany, University Herald, Hamilton Literary, Rochester Campus, Oberlin Review, Bates Student, Madisonensis, Berkeleyan, College Olio, Bowdoin Orient, Tripod, Volante, Syracusan, Colby Echo, Neoterian, Tuftonian, College Argus, Brunionian, University Press, Dartmouth, Anthenæum, Chronicle, Vanderbuilt Austral, Nassua Lit. Magazine, College World, Monthly Musings.*

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